



# FEATURE

COMICS

MAY

STARRING  
THE  
DOLL MAN







WEB COMIC  
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# The DOLL MAN

by William Erwin Maxwell

LESS THAN A FOOT TALL, THE AMAZING DOLL MAN OUTRANKS THE TOUGHEST AND WISEST OF ORDINARY MEN.. A YOUNG SCIENTIST, DARREL DANE, HAS DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO THIS TINY DYNAMO..

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED STREAKS ALONG ITS SILVER TRACKS..

STEP ON IT, DARREL!









BOY, AND THIS BABY'S PLENTY HOT! OUCH!

TORTUROUSLY, THE DOLL MAN MAKES HIS WAY OVER THE STEAMING, THROBBING BODY OF THE ENGINE....



AT LAST! NOW I'LL GIVE THIS ENGINE A NEW EXPERIENCE!

HE LEAPS DOWN ON THE THROTTLE.....AND.....



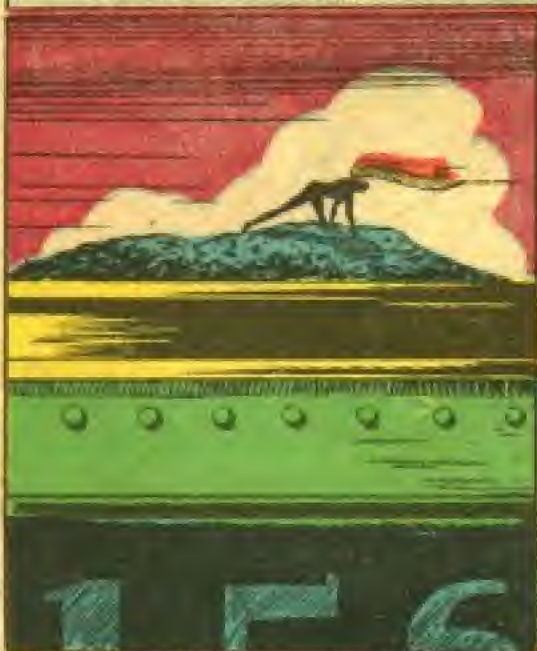
THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO A DEAD STOP.



WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES?

SORRY, BOSS! HOLD HER HERE A SEC.. I'LL BE BACK!

THE DOLL MAN HOPS TO THE TENDER AND CRAWLS NIMBLY OVER THE COAL....



HE COMES UP IN "BLACK FACE".



YASSUH!

BUT LATER IN THE BAGGAGE CAR... HE IS ONCE MORE DARREL DANE...











IN A FLASH DANE HAS BECOME THE DOLL MAN.



DR. ROBERTS IS OFF LEAVING THE BRIEFCASE ON THE EMBANKMENT.



SOON A MOTORCYCLE CHUGS UP THE ROAD.



AND THE CASE IS HITCHED TO THE BOUNCING VEHICLE.



THE DOLL MAN GETS HIS BUMPS.



OUT OF THE CLOUDS, A PLANE ROARS DOWN TO THE HIGHWAY.



IT HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE CYCLIST.





A HOOK IS DROPPED, AND THE BAG SWUNG ALOFT.



TWIRLING DIZZILY, THE BAG IS HAULED TO THE PLANE.



AND THE DOLL MAN LEARNS THE FIRST PANGS OF AIR-SICKNESS....



HERE IT IS.. OPEN UP.. AND SEE IF ANY OF THE PAPERS ARE MISSING!



THE BAG IS PULLED INTO THE PLANE

WHAT?



GOLLY! I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT YET! I'LL TAKE THE WELL KNOWN POWDER!



HE SPRINGS TO A SAFE PLACE ON A WING.



ER.. SCHULTZ? YOU SEE WHAT I THOUGHT I SAW? OR...

HUH? I-I'M NOT SURE!



THE DOLL MAN HAS SLID DOWN ON THE LANDING GEAR...







THE PLANE SWOOPS  
TO A QUICK LAND-  
ING IN A FOREST  
CLEARING...

AND THE PILOTS HEAD FOR AN  
OLD RAMSHACKLE HOUSE...



UNSEEN, THE DOLL MAN  
HOPS TO A WINDOW SILL...



MAKE UP THE FORMULA...  
IF IT IS SUCCESSFUL, WE  
WILL RADIO IT TO THE  
FATHERLAND FOR USE  
IN THE WAR!

THE TINY  
OBSERVER  
IS SOON  
INSIDE TOO..



FROM THE INGREDIENTS,  
IT SHOULD BE A DEADLY  
POISON GAS..WE WILL  
TRY IT OUT ON  
THE RATS!



WOW! HIS LIFE SNUFFED OUT  
LIKE A CANDLE!! I  
CAN'T LET THEM  
SEND THAT IN ITS  
PRESENT STATE!



YES! IT WORKS PERFECTLY!  
AND SO CHEAP...WE CAN  
MAKE ENOUGH TO WIPE  
OUT WHOLE ARMY  
DIVISIONS!



YEAH? BUT WHEN I  
GET THROUGH ADDING  
A FEW LETTERS, IT'LL  
BE AS HARMLESS  
AS THE BREATH  
OF SPRING!









Another amazing adventure of The Doll Man in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# ZERO

## GHOST DETECTIVE

By Noel Fowler



THE ONLY MORTAL WHO COMMUNES WITH THE SUPERNATURAL ON EQUAL GROUNDS, ZERO BECOMES AN ALLY OF DEATH.. MAN'S LAST COMPANION.. THE SCENE IS ZERO'S STUDY.. IT IS TWILIGHT...



SUDDENLY A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE WALL.....

DO NOT BE AFRAID, ZERO MY FRIEND!



I AM THE REAPER.. DEATH! BUT I HAVE NOT COME TO YOU ON MY USUAL BUSINESS.. I COME TO ASK YOU A FAVOR...THERE IS AN OLD MAN IN GREAT PAIN....





IT IS CRUEL TO LET HIM LIVE, BUT HE REFUSES TO DIE.... WILL YOU PERSUADE HIM TO COME WITH ME?

I'LL DO ALL I CAN!



ZERO FOLLOWS DEATH INTO THE DARK COUNTRYSIDE. . AT LAST THEY REACH A SMALL HOUSE. . .



NO! NO! I REFUSE! I WON'T GO!



I CAN'T DIE! NOT YET! THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO. . MY SON. .

YES? WHAT ABOUT YOUR SON?



HE HAS BEEN GONE SO LONG. . I MUST SEE HIM BEFORE I DIE. . IF I COULD ONLY FIND HIM! I WOULD TELL HIM OF HIS INHERITANCE.



SUDDENLY A STRANGE SILENCE PERVADES THE ROOM. . .



A DIM PRESENCE EMERGES FROM THE HAZE....



IT MATERIALIZES...

COME WITH ME. . I'LL LEAD YOU TO HIS SON...



THE GHOST WEARS THE  
UNIFORM OF THE FOREIGN  
LEGION... ZERO FOLLOWS  
ON A SWIFT SUPERNATUR-  
AL ROUTE TO THE VAST  
REACHES OF THE SAHARA...



A ROVING BAND OF BED-  
OUINS STANDS OVER  
WOUNDED DESERT  
SOLDIERS...



ONE YOUTH TRIES TO ESCAPE.

BY ALLAH! YOU  
DIE, DOG OF A  
FOREIGNER!



JUST A MINUTE... WE'LL  
MAKE A DEAL... WHAT  
IS YOUR PRICE FOR  
THIS LAD?



BAH! I DO NOT SELL  
AN ENEMY... I AMUSE  
MYSELF BY TORTURING  
HIM!



IF YOU WON'T  
LISTEN TO REASON  
PERHAPS THIS  
WILL CONVINCE  
YOU!



ZERO TRACES A RING IN  
THE SAND... A MAGIC  
CIRCLE...



BEFORE THE STARTLED  
ARABS, HE GESTURES...





AND GIBBERING DANCING SPIRITS WHIRL UP FROM THE DUST.



THE OTHER ARABS ARE STRICKEN DUMB WITH TERROR..THEY FLEE.



AGAIN ZERO TREADS THE MYSTIC ROAD BEHIND THE SPECTRE.









# REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

ADA  
PINKMAN



IN THE FROZEN AND DESOLATE REGION OF THE NORTHWEST, SERGEANT JIM REYNOLDS AND CONSTABLE HAPPY BENTON COURAGEOUSLY FACE DEATH AS THEY SEARCH FOR A LOST INDIAN TRIBE, IN THEIR STRUGGLE WITH THE SELF-STYLED KING OF THE BARRENS!

IT IS A CLEAR NIGHT AS A DOGSLED HALTS BEFORE FORT ENDURANCE.....



HELLO UP THERE, RAWSON! OPEN YOUR GATES!

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE STOCKADE.....



DUCK!

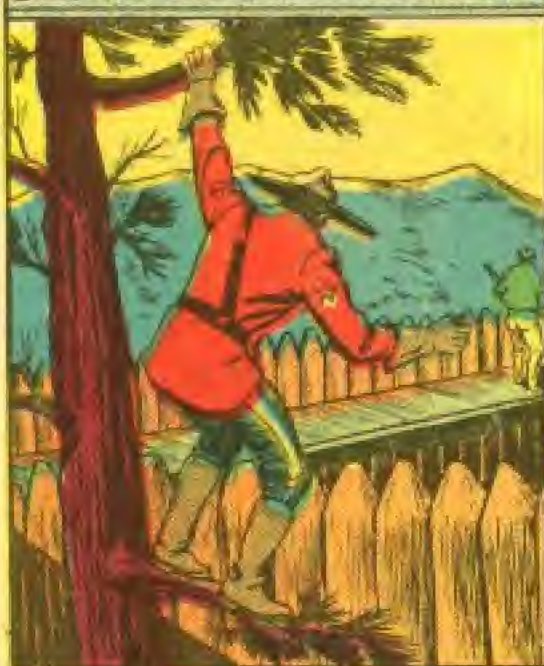


I'M THE LAW HERE - AND I'M NOT OPENING FOR ANY MEDDLING REDCOATS... NOW GIT, OR I'LL PLUG BOTH OF YA!!

GET HIS ATTENTION, HAPPY... I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING -



FROM A TALL TREE REYNOLDS  
SILENTLY DROPS ONTO THE STOCKADE



AS RAWSON WATCHES BENSON  
INTENTLY, HE DOES NOT HEAR  
REYNOLD'S APPROACHING



HEH-HEH!  
...FOOLS!

SO FAR  
SO GOOD...

WHEN HE DOES IT IS TOO LATE!



WHAT TH-!!  
UGH!



CATCH HIM, HAPPY-MR.  
RAWSON HAS DECIDED TO  
PUT OUT THE WELCOME  
SIGN AFTER ALL-I'LL  
COME DOWN AND OPEN  
THE GATES!!



LATER  
HMM-TWO YEARS AGO AN  
INDIAN NAMED CANUA AND  
SOME OF HIS TRIBE DISAPPEARED  
INTO THE BARRENS... NOW  
RAWSON TRIES TO PREVENT  
US FROM ENTERING HIS FORT  
AND TALKING WITH THE REST OF  
THE TRIBE WHO LIVE HERE...  
WHAT'S HE AFRAID OF AND  
WHERE DOES HE FIT IN?



SUDDENLY A SHADOW FALLS  
ACROSS REYNOLDS....

WHAT'S  
THAT--?



WITH A LIGHTNING MOVE, THE  
MOUNTIE GRABS THE WRIST OF  
THE KILLER...



GREAT SCOTT!  
AN INDIAN  
GIRL...

YES-I AM RED  
DEER-RAWSON  
SAID HE WOULD STARVE  
MY PEOPLE IF I  
DID NOT KILL  
YOU....

BUT I COULD  
NOT DO IT-  
FORGIVE ME,  
BLUE EYES!



FUNNY... ONE  
MINUTE YOU  
WOULD HAVE  
KNIFED ME,  
AND THE OTHER-  
**BENSON!**

SERGEANT-OH!  
...ER-I MEAN--  
RAWSON'S  
ESCAPED-HE'S  
HIT TH' TRAIL  
AND IS HEADED  
FOR TH' BARRENS!



AT THE CRACK OF DAWN REYNOLDS AND HAPPY BENSON TAKE UP THE TRAIL....



LATE THAT NIGHT THEY ENTER THE BARRENS AND MAKE CAMP...



SUDDENLY AT A GIVEN SIGNAL SEVERAL FIGURES SPRING OUT OF THE DARKNESS....



THE MOUNTIES FIGHT VALIANTLY BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT...





THE TWO MOUNTIES ARE TAKEN TO THE LAIR OF BLACKIE RAWSON, KING OF THE BARRENS...

LOOK, COPPERS! HERE'S CANUA, THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR— HE AND HIS TRIBE WORK FOR ME!!

WORK? YOU MEAN SLAVE, RAWSON!!

SO WHAT? THIS PLACE IS A FUR PARADISE... THEY'RE WORTH MILLIONS— I SHIP THEM TO ALASKA AND THENCE TO THE STATES... I GET THEM FOR NOTHING AND SELL THEM FOR MYSELF!! SOME PROFIT, EH? HAHAHHA!!!

WHY YOU--- I'LL....

LIKE A FLASH RAWSON DRAWS A WHIP FROM BEHIND HIS THRONE..

AS BENSON STRUGGLES.....

THEY ARE LED TO A RIDGE OVERLOOKING A VALLEY.....

LOOK, FOOLS!! CARIBOU! YOU'LL BE TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY THEIR HOOFB....

REVIVE HIM! WE'LL SEE HOW BRAVE THESE TWO MOUNTIES ARE!

THEY ARE PUSHED IN WITH THE HERD.....

FROM A HILLTOP THERE IS A BOOMING OF TOM-TOMS WHICH THROW THE HERD INTO A FRENZY

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END, SERGEANT!

STEADY, FELLA... THERE'S STILL A SLIM CHANCE! QUICK— GET IN THIS LEDGE!!



UNNOTICED, A FIGURE CREEPS TOWARD THE BARRIER WHICH HEMS THE DEER IN...



THE BARRIER DOWN, THE HERD THUNDERS OUT OF THE VALLEY, CARRYING RAWSON'S MEN IN ITS WAKE....



AS RED DEER TURNS TO RUN.....



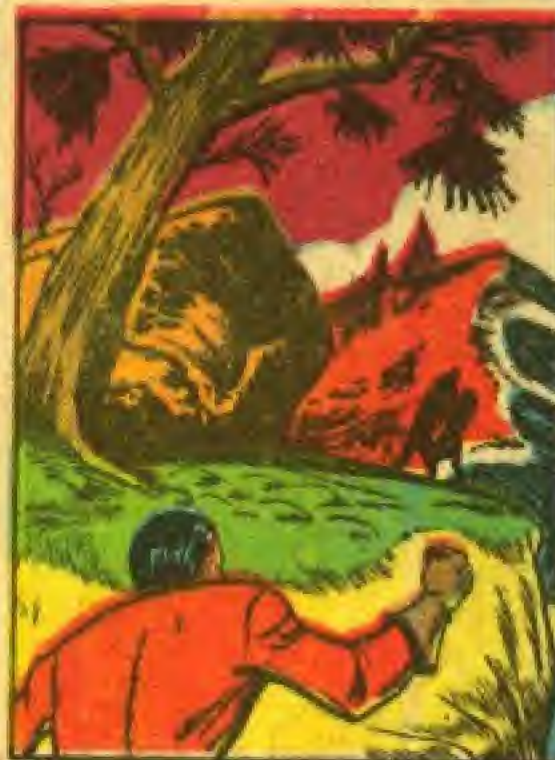
WE'RE SAVED, SERGEANT! THEY'RE ALL GONE!!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK! RAWSON'S GOT RED DEER!



FIGHTING AGAINST TIME THE TWO RUSH UP THE HILL....

WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HER, HAPPY....



YOU LOW RAT!!



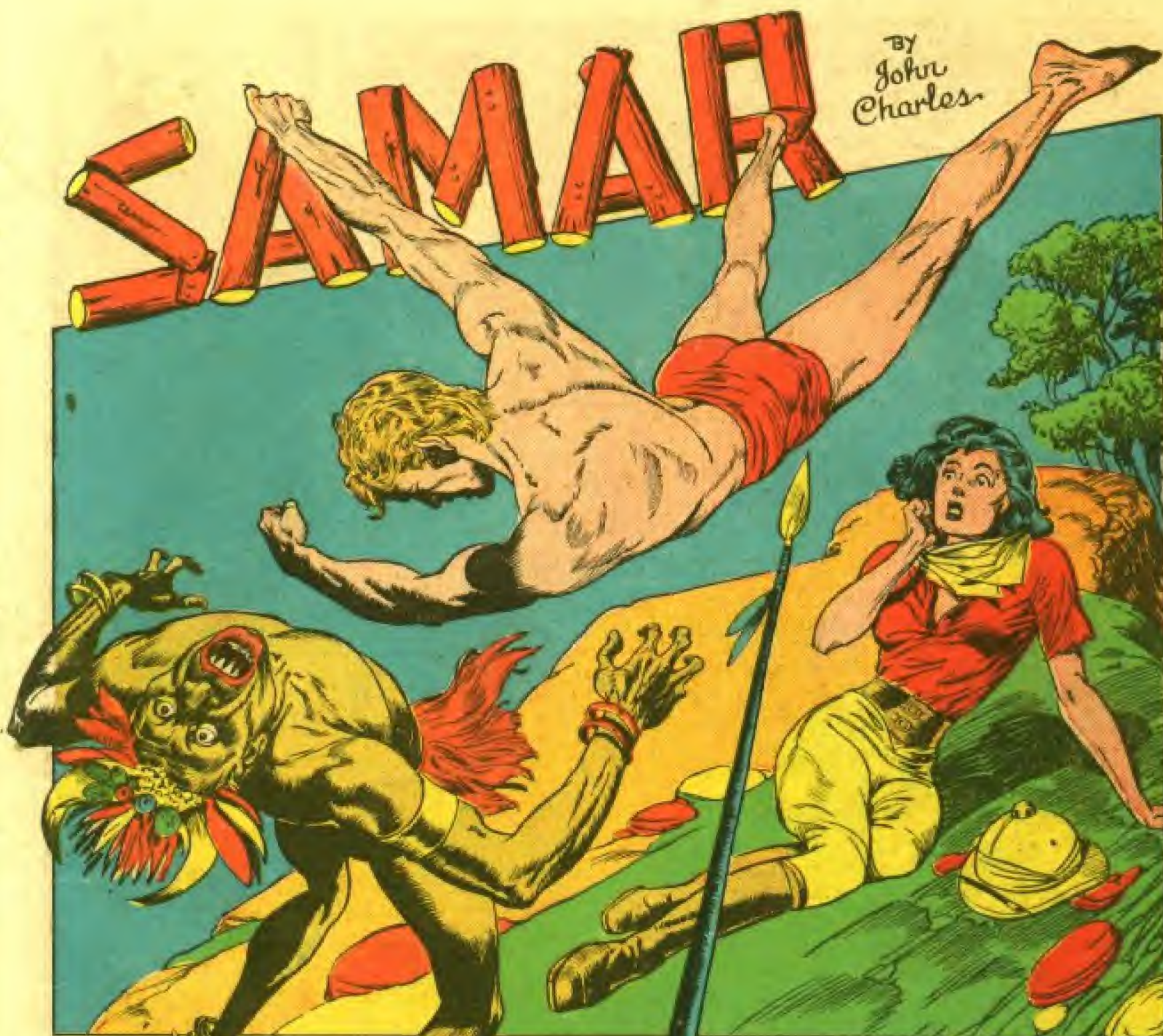
THAT FINISHES THE KING OF THE BARRENS! NOW YOUR PEOPLE CAN GO BACK TO THEIR OWN WORK AND CUSTOMS, RED DEER!

YES-BUT THIS CUSTOM OF THE WHITE MAN IS A MUCH MORE PLEASANT SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP THAN THE NOSE-RUBBING OF MY PEOPLE!!





By  
John  
Charles



THE THROBBING BEAT OF SAVAGE DRUMS PULSATES THROUGHOUT THE JUNGLE.

IN THE FOREST'S REMOTEST DEPTH, SAMAR HEARS THE WILD ECHOES.

SEEKING INFORMATION HE GOES TO HIS PEACEFUL NEIGHBORS, THE OBANDI. TO HIS HORROR, A BLOOD-CHILLING WAR DANCE IS AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS LUSTY FURY.

THOSE ARE WAR DRUMS! I MUST FIND OUT WHY...





THE EBONY DANCERS STOP SHORT AS SAMAR LEAPS INTO THEIR MIDST.



WHY DO YOU MAKE WAR AFTER SO MANY MOONS OF PEACE, OH CHIEF?

WHITE MAN BRING EVIL TO FOREST... WE DRIVE HIM OUT... KILL! KILL!



SUDDENLY FROM ACROSS THE VELD T COMES A TERRIFYING EXPLOSION.



WHAT'S THAT? IT CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION!



BELOW, PITH-HELMETTED WHITES STAND OVER A GAPING DYNAMITE HOLE... CAREFULLY THEY PROBE THE SOIL.



ONE OF THEM TURNS ABRUPTLY. HE SPOTS SAMAR.



GET HIM, FLINT!

THEY'RE HIDING SOMETHING OR THEY WOULDN'T SHOOT AT ME!



THE MEN RETURN TO THEIR KRAAL, NOT KNOWING THAT A CAUTIOUS FIGURE LURKS BEHIND THEM.





INSIDE A SMALL SHACK, A STRANGELY ASSORTED COMPANY HOLDS A CONVERSATION...



DON'T WORRY ABOUT NATIVES, JULIE. WE'LL TAKE CARE O' THEM!

NEVERTHELESS, MY FATHER CAME HERE FROM AMSTERDAM TO APPRAISE DIAMONDS. WE DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR YOUR UNSCRUPULOUS METHODST.. ITS CRUEL...IT'S BARBARIC!



QUIETLY SAMAR ENTERS. . . .

THE LADY IS RIGHT! MAKE PEACE WITH THE NATIVES OR LOSE YOUR HEADS!



KEEP OUT OF THIS, YOU JUNGLE BOY SCOUT!



YOUR ATTITUDE IS ILL-ADVISED, GENTLEMEN!



WHEN I RETURN, YOU'LL REALIZE IT!

THAT NIGHT...



JULIE HAS DISAPPEARED. DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE NATIVES...

KEEP YER SHIRT ON, VAN MAR.. SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF!

BUT THE FATHER TRAILS THROUGH THE FOREST IN SEARCH OF HIS DAUGHTER. . . .



JULIE! JULIE!

SUDDENLY, A CHILLING SNARL...



HELP!





AND A BRONZE STREAK  
FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR!

NO DINNER  
FOR YOU  
TODAY!



YOU SAVED  
MY LIFE..BUT  
NOW, MY  
DAUGHTER  
JULIE IS  
STILL  
MISSING..

WE'LL  
TRY  
THE  
NATIVE  
VILLAGE!



AT THE OBANDI  
VILLAGE, HOWLING  
NATIVES SURROUND  
A HELPLESS WHITE  
GIRL....

KILL!  
KILL!



STOP! IS THIS THE WAY FOR  
HONORABLE WARRIORS  
TO BATTLE? ONLY  
COWARDS KILL  
WOMEN!



OUR CHIEF  
MAKES WAR  
ON THE  
WHITE PIGS/  
IF HE DOES  
NOT COME  
BACK, WE  
KILL THE  
GIRL!



I'LL BRING YOUR  
CHIEF BACK UNHURT.  
BUT IF YOU HARM  
THE GIRL... I WARN  
YOU...

THE WHITE MEN'S KRAAL IS A  
SHAMBLES OF BLOODY SLAUGHTER..THE FOREIGNERS ARE AT THE  
TRIBESMEN'S MERCY. . . .



SAMAR DIVES INTO THE FRAY  
AS AN ALLY OF THE NATIVES. .





IN THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE THE OBANDI CHIEF FALLS WOUNDED. . . VICTIM OF A WHITE MAN'S BULLET.



NOW I'LL GET YOU, YOU BLACK-HIDED SNAKE!



BUT.

NO YOU DON'T!



THE CHIEF IS MY FRIEND!

SOCK



G-GOLLY! LOOK AT THAT!

WE GIVE UP! WE CAN'T FIGHT THIS ONE-MAN ARMY!



LEAVING THE WHITES IN CUSTODY OF NATIVES, SAMAR CARRIES THE CHIEF THROUGH THE TREES.



JUST AS THE FATAL DAGGER IS POISED TO PLUNGE.

CHIEF COME BACK! NOW YOU NO DIE!



THAT NIGHT THE OBANDI TRIBE CELEBRATES. . . PEACE SPREADS THROUGH THE FOREST.



NOW THAT SCORE IS SETTLED. . . I CAN GO BACK TO MY OWN PART OF THE JUNGLE!



Another smashing installment of Samar in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN

## COUNTERSPY

by HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS A MEMBER OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND. WHEN HE GOES INTO ACTION, JACKSON, HIS DOUBLE, TAKES HIS PLACE.

I TELL YOU THAT LEAK IS FROM OUR DRAFTING ROOM, COLONEL!



BRUCE, ANOTHER LEAK FROM THE DRAFTING ROOM, PLUG IT!



OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

I'LL TRY, COLONEL JORDAN!

ANY ALIENS IN THE DRAFTING ROOM?



NO, BUT ONE DRAFTSMAN, BLAKE, HAS A WIFE WHO WAS BORN IN THE HOMELAND

COME ON, COLONEL, WE'RE CALLING ON MRS. BLAKE!



NO, COLONEL, YOU **MUST NOT BLAME MY HUSBAND!** HE TALKS IN HIS SLEEP. THUS I GOT THE THINGS I TOLD THE HOMELAND AGENTS!

DO YOU **REALIZE** YOU'RE A **TRAITOR**, MRS. BLAKE?



LATER AT THE BLAKE HOME

YES, BUT THE **OTHER ALTERNATIVE** - IS WORSE!

WHAT OTHER ALTERNATIVE?



**ALREADY** I HAVE TALKED TOO MUCH! DO WHAT YOU WILL, I CAN SAY NO MORE!

I SHOULD **ARREST YOU!**



BETTER NOT, COLONEL, COME ON! I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING!



O.K. BRUCE. BUT —

COLONEL, THAT WOMAN IS **DEATHLY AFRAID OF SOMETHING!** IF I CAN FIND OUT WHAT, IT'S MY BELIEF WE'LL BE AT THE ROOT OF A **WHOLESALE LEAK**.. SHE MAY LEAD US TO IT!

PLAY IT **YOUR WAY**, BRUCE!





LUCK IS WITH BRUCE, FOR  
IN THE NEXT DAY'S PAPER



SAY! THIS IS SOMETHING!

BOX 72-1703

# ARE YOUR RELATIVES IN THE HOMELAND?

IF THEY ARE, WE WILL  
HELP YOU TO GET  
THEM INTO THE  
UNITED STATES

Inquire  
**HOMELAND TRAVEL CO**  
322 MORTON ST.

I'LL BET THAT'S THE  
ANSWER! I'LL FIND OUT!  
I'M GOING TO BE OTTO  
BLACK, WHOSE PARENTS  
ARE STILL IN THE  
HOMELAND!



322 MORTON ST., DRIVER!  
I'LL REPORT LATER, COLONEL.



LATER, IN THE TRAVEL BUREAU

SO, HERR BLACK, YOU WORK  
IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT!  
THAT MAY SPEED UP THINGS  
FOR YOUR PARENTS — IF



IF WHAT,  
HERR  
SILBER?

IF, LET US SAY, YOU SHOULD  
TELL US THINGS OF WORTH  
TO OUR SECRET SERVICE!  
OTHERWISE  
YOUR PARENTS —



WHY NOT?

THE PHONE,  
HERR  
SILBER.

MEANWHILE, BRUCE'S  
LATE TAXI DRIVER —

HERR SILBER, OPERATIVE  
X77 REPORTING I JUST TOOK  
AN AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE  
MANTO YOUR BUILDING, 6 FT.  
TALL, 175 POUNDS, DARK—



SO, SPY, YOU WOULD TRICK  
SILBER, PUT UP YOUR  
HANDS!



WHAT SLIPPED UP?

ALPINE

IN THERE, UNTIL OUR  
OPERATIVE WHO DROVE  
YOU HERE, ARRIVES.



THE TAXI DRIVER!  
THEIR SPIES ARE  
EVERYWHERE!

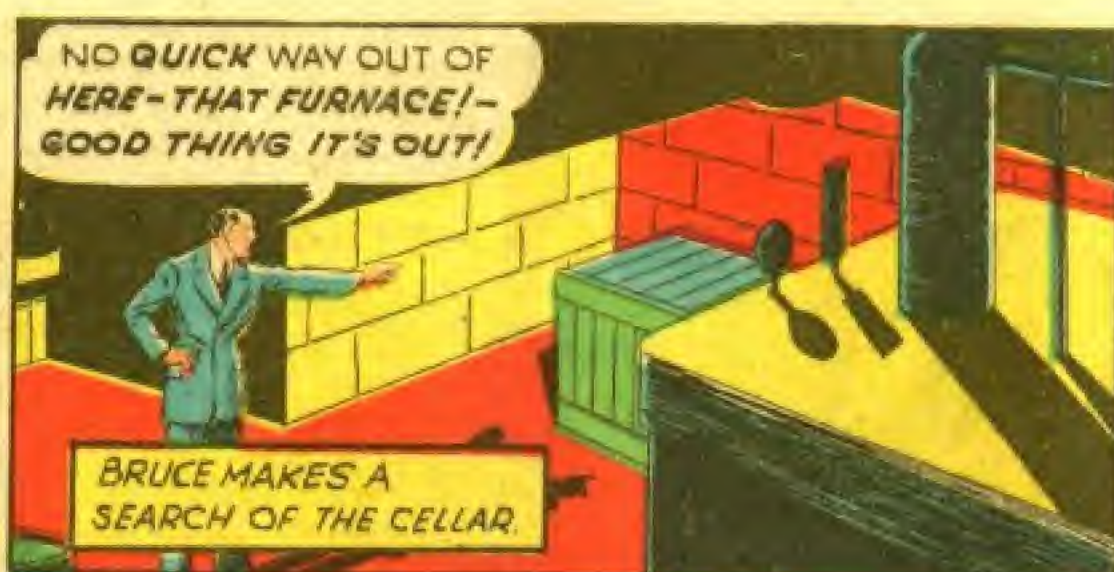
AND IF HE IDENTIFIES YOU—



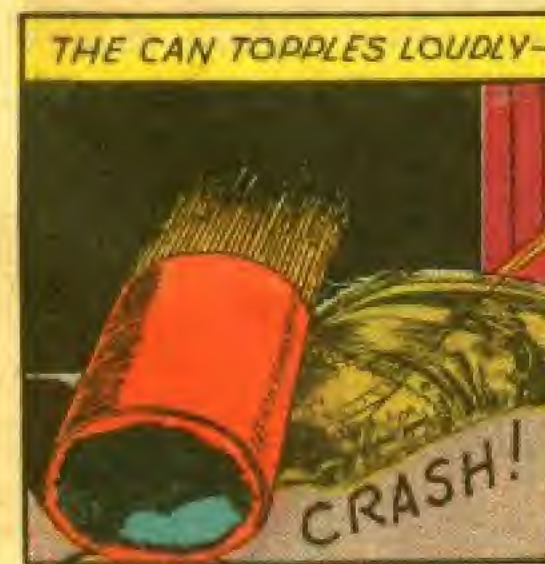
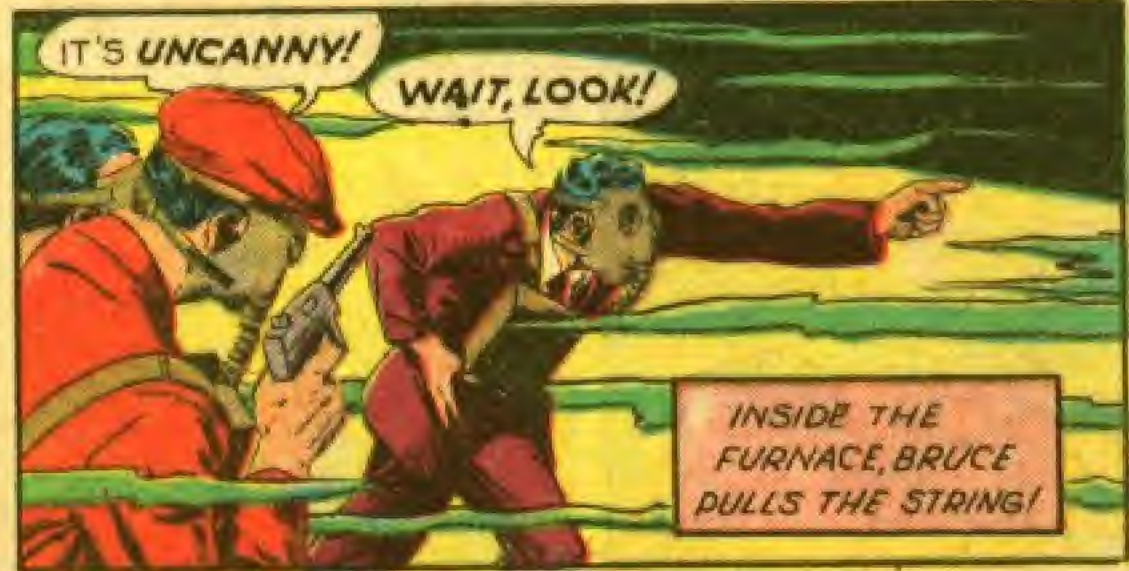
YOU KILL  
ME, RIGHT?

TAKEN TO THE BASEMENT  
AT THE POINT OF A GUN.













LATER, AT COLONEL JORDAN'S  
ARMY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.



FOUR HOURS LATER







FIVE O'CLOCK, AND LINDEN, A GOVERNMENT DRAFTSMAN, IS THROUGH WITH HIS DAY'S WORK.



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARK USA'S TORCH LIGHTS UP THE CORRIDOR, THEN DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH.



HAD ME WORRIED FOR A MOMENT... I STILL GOT THE PLANS... THEY'RE WORTH FIVE GRAND TO UNGER.







IN THE MEANTIME USA ENTERS THE DRAFTSMAN'S OFFICE...



UNGER ADDRESSES HIS HENCHMEN



UNGER'S MARAUDERS DO A THOROUGH JOB IN THE PLANT.







THE GATES LOCKED, UNGER  
AND LINDEN CLIMB INTO  
THE DRAFTING DEPARTMENT.







AS LINDEN TRIES TO BURN THE BLUEPRINTS, THE LIGHTED MATCH TOUCHES OFF THE ALARM.



THE BOILER ROOM OF THE PLANT.



IN UNGER'S OFFICE, USA'S SEARCH BRINGS RESULTS.



THESE SUSPICIOUS WAR DEPT. WORKERS ARE PLAYING WITH FIRE... AND THAT'S UNCLE SAM.



LATER... USA HAS PHONED THE POLICE







USA, The Spirit of Old Glory, will thrill you in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.





# Rusty Ryan

OF BOYVILLE

by Paul Gustafson





C'MON, SHAKE A LEG! SOME-  
BODY MIGHT PASS  
HERE AND SPOT  
US!



THEY'RE PUTTING ON  
DIVING SUITS  
TO GO INTO THE  
QUARRY!



WONDER  
WHAT  
FOR?

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING  
TO FIND OUT!



ME  
TOO!

DIVING DOWN, RUSTY AND  
SMILEY SEE THE FOUR MEN  
ENTER A LARGE HOLE IN THE  
WALL OF THE QUARRY...



THEY FOLLOW..



COMING UP IN A DRY CAVERN  
INSIDE THE ROCKS...



THEY'VE GOT  
MACHINERY  
IN THERE...

THIS SURE IS  
A SWELL  
HIDEOUT FOR  
TH' PRESS!



YEP!

HERE'S TH' PLATES..WE  
GOTTA RUN OFF A HUNDRED  
GRAND OR TWO, FOR MIKE  
PASSELLO, ON  
TH' WEST  
COAST!



HOLY SMOKES!  
COUNTERFEITERS!



WOW!  
C'MON..WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
TH' SHERIFF!

HEY! DID'JA  
HEAR THAT  
SPLASH!



YEAH..I'M  
WORRIED!

YOU GUYS IS NUTS..IT  
WAS PROBABLY A FISH...  
THERE'S LOTSA BIG  
ONES IN  
THERE!





A SHORT TIME LATER, RUSTY AND SMILEY HAVE REACHED THE NEARBY TOWN. THEY RUSH INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE..



ALL WET.. BEEN RUNNING.. WELL, WHAT SWIMMIN' HOLE DID'JA FALL INTO?



N-NOTHING LIKE YOU THINK MR. GOSS.. WE RAN INTO A BUNCH OF COUNTERFEITERS!



IN A CAVERN.. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OLD QUARRY!



IT'S TRUE! SOMEONE IS GOING TO MEET THEM AT TWELVE! C'MON!



REACHING THE QUARRY THEY SEE THE COUNTERFEITER'S CAR, AND TWO MEN STANDING NEAR IT...



HEY! WHO'S CAR IS THAT?



COPS! I GOTTA WARN JOCK! MAKE IT SNAPPY, AN' TAKE THIS PHONEY DOUGH WITH YA.. I'LL GET RID OF 'EM!



WHERE'S THE OTHER GUY THAT WAS HERE?



HE'S LYING! HE'S ONE OF THEM COUNTERFEITERS!



YEAH? HOW ABOUT THAT DIVING SUIT IN YOUR CAR?



IS THERE A LAW AGAINST OWNING ONE?









# DUSTY DANE

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL

TWO ADVENTURING SEAMEN, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN, ARE IN BAGDAD WITH NOTHING TO DO... SO THEY SET OUT IN SEARCH OF SOME EXCITEMENT!!

IT IS EARLY MORNING AS THEY WANDER ALONG THE DOCKS OF THE RIVER TIGRIS.. THE ONLY HUMAN SOUND IS THE WAIL OF AN ANCIENT BEGGAR...

ALMS!

WITHOUT WARNING A RAT-FACED ARAB ATTACKS THE OLD MAN.

GIVE ME THE MAP, AGED ONE!

HAI!! ALLAH PRESERVE ME!

...AND A MOMENT LATER FLEES, WITH A PACKET CLUTCHED IN HIS GRIMY HAND.

THIEF! THIEF!

DUSTY..LOOK! THAT GUY ROBBED THAT OLD BEGGAR!

YEAH! COME ON!

UNABLE TO ESCAPE THEM, THE ROBBER TURNS.. A KNIFE SHINES IN HIS HAND..

...BUT SWIFTER THAN A STRIKING COBRA IS DUSTY'S READY FIST

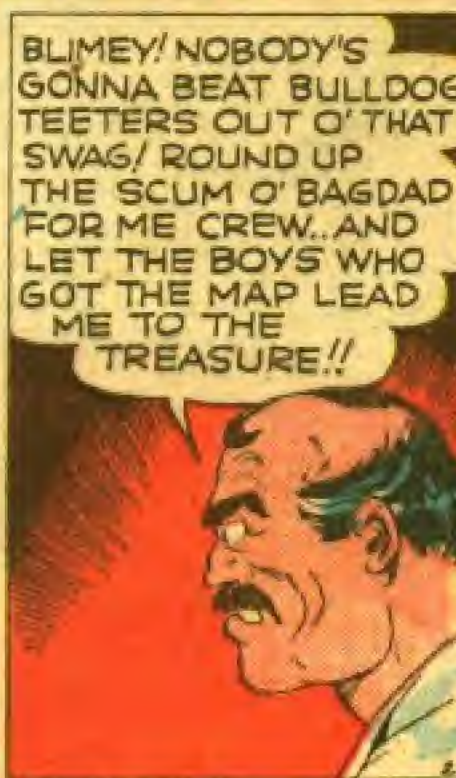
KNOCKED OUT! BOY.. WHAT A WALLOP YOU PACK!

THIS'LL WAKE HIM UP!

HIS OILSKIN POUCH!... WONDER WHAT'S IN IT!

WE'LL SOON KNOW.. HERE COMES THE OLD MAN!







..AND SO, WHEN DUSTY ENTERS THE OPEN SEA, ANOTHER BOAT FOLLOWS



I STILL THINK THE OLD BOY'S A LITTLE DAFT.. THIS SINBAD STUFF IS JUST A FAIRY TALE.. WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME!



LISTEN, MIKE.. EVERY FAIRY TALE HAS SOME BASIS OF FACT BEHIND IT! ANYWAY THIS IS WORTH THE GAMBLE!



FOR THREE DAYS THEY SAIL DUE SOUTH.. THEN..

THERE'S THE ISLAND! NOW ARE YOU CONVINCED?

NOT UNTIL I GET ME MITTS ON THEM DIAMONDS!



BULLDOG TEETERS KEENLY WATCHES THEIR EVERY MOVE..

THEY'VE REACHED THE ISLAND! AS SOON AS THEY SHOW US THE WAY THRU THOSE BLOOMIN' REEFS, WE'LL LAND!



STRAIGHT INTO THE BOOMING SURF DRIVES DUSTY'S SHIP.. INTO A WELTER OF FROTH AND FOAM WHICH BREAKS LIKE THUNDER OVER THE RAZOR-SHARP ROCKS!



ON THIS NEXT SWELL, DROP 'ER HARD TO PORT, DUSTY AND...



WITH A LURCH THE SHIP RAISES OVER THE ROCKS WHERE IT SEEMS TO HANG.. THEN IT DROPS DOWN SAFELY ON THE OTHER SIDE...



BLIMEY! GOIN' THRU THERE IS LIKE THREADIN' A CRAZY NEEDLE! BUT I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL O' THAT MAP TOO LONG TO TURN BACK NOW!



PROVING TO BE AS GOOD A SEAMAN AS HE IS A ROGUE, TEETERS ALSO MAKES HIS WAY IN..



MEANWHILE.. ON SHORE

THE ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF DIAMONDS IS BETWEEN THOSE TWO PEAKS!



THRU A NARROW CANYON THEY GO.. DOWN INTO THE FABULOUS VALLEY



YIPPEE! LOOK! DIAMONDS AS BIG AS YOUR FIST! WE'RE RICH!



TEETERS AND HIS MEN REACH THE PASS HIGH ABOVE THE VALLEY

NOW, LADS, WE'RE GONNA THANK 'EM FOR LEADIN' US TO THE TREASURE.. WITH HOT LEAD! HA-HA-HA!



A SUDDEN BLAST OF SHOTS ECHOES THRU THE NARROW RAVINE.. DUSTY GOES DOWN!

WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!



DUSTY! ARE YA HIT?

NO! JUST PLAYING POSSUM! LISTEN...



THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED AND OUT-NUMBERED! WE'RE IN A BAD SPOT.. YOU START SHOOTING.. DRIVE 'EM TO COVER TILL I GET STARTED UP THIS CLIFF!



UNDER COVER OF MIKE'S RAPID FIRE, DUSTY STARTS UP THE ALMOST VERTICAL FACE OF THE CLIFF!

WOW! A SLIP NOW WOULD BE CURTAINS!



OUT OF AMMUNITION MIKE'S FIRE CEASES.. BULLDOG'S QUICK TO GRASP THE ADVANTAGE

ONE'S DOWN AND ONE'S OUT O' BULLETS IT'S NOW OR NEVER.. RUSH 'EM, LADS, AND IT'S LOOT FOR US ALL!!



YELLING WILDLY, TEETERS' MEN RUSH DOWN THE GORGE.. HIGH ABOVE, DUSTY STARTS A HAIL OF ROCKS UPON THEM...



WITH A CRACKING ROAR A HUGE SECTION OF THE CLIFF BREAKS OFF.

GREAT GUNS! I STARTED AN AVALANCHE!



TEETERS AND HIS VILLAINOUS CREW ARE ENTOMBED BENEATH A HUNDRED TONS OF ROCK

MIKE! ARE YOU..

YEAH.. I'M OKAY.. I GOT OUTTA THE WAY FAST WHEN THAT ROCK STARTED T'SLIDE!



MIKE, LOOKS LIKE WE'LL NEVER BE RICH... THE DIAMONDS ARE BURIED UNDER THAT ROCK!

SO WHAT?! I'D RATHER BE THINKING ABOUT STONES THAN BE BURIED UNDER 'EM! CHEER UP, PAL!





# SPIN SHAW

*of the Naval Air Corps.*

BY  
REX  
SMITH

WHEN A EUROPEAN TRANSGRESS  
OR THREATENS THE SECURITY  
OF OUR NAVY, SPIN SHAW LIKE  
ALL LOYAL SEAMEN ACTS ON ONE  
IMPULSE ONLY: TO PRESERVE  
AND DEFEND AMERICAN SHORES.

HEY, SAILOR!  
WARM UP  
THE PLANE,  
FAST!

YES? WHAT'S  
THAT? IT IS?! I'LL  
TEND TO IT  
RIGHT  
NOW!





JUMPING INTO A WAITING MOTOR LAUNCH, SPIN HEADS FOR HIS PLANE..



O.K.! LET 'ER GO!

ENEMY SPIES ABOARD OUR AMMUNITION CARRIER! THEY INTEND TO MUTINY. TAKE THE SHIP AND SAIL TO EUROPE. THEY WILL USE OUR GUNS AGAINST OUR FRIENDS!



ANGERED AT THE PLOT, SPIN PULLS THE STICK HARD. HIS SHIP NOSES INTO THE CLOUDS..



HE LEVELS OFF AND WINGS OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC..



WHILE ON THE AMMUNITION SHIP HYPO, SAILING ALONG THE COAST, A BLOODY MUTINY IS FLARING..



KILL THEM ALL..AND DO NOT WASTE TOO MUCH POWDER DOIN' IT!



THE OFFICERS AND MEN MAKE A DESPERATE BUT FUTILE STAND..



LIEUTENANT, GET THE MEN ON THE BRIDGE.. WE'LL FIGHT FROM THERE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS.. THE LAST LOYAL SAILOR IS BEATEN TO THE DECK..



COME ON! WE'VE WORK TO DO!

ALL DOWN!

GET RID O' THE CORPSES! PUT THE REST IN THE BRIG!



A CALM FALLS OVER THE HYPO.. IT STEAMS ON AT FULL SPEED.. UNDER ALIEN HANDS..





SUDDENLY THE HYPO'S ENEMY  
WHEEL-MAN STOPS IN ALARM...

LISTEN! AIRPLANE  
MOTOR! WE'VE  
BEEN FOLLOWED!

SO  
WHAT?



I SAID, SO  
WHAT?...WE'LL  
TAKE CARE  
OF HIM...TELL  
HIM TO LAND!



H-M-M...THEY  
SAY "URGENT...LAND  
AT ONCE" WELL,  
HERE GOES!



IN A CLOUD OF FOAM  
SPIN SCOOTs TO A  
LANDING OFF THE PORT  
SIDE.



BUT WHEN HE STEPS ON THE  
HYPO'S DECK...

HA!  
HA!

HEY!  
WHAT  
TH'?



THE UNITED  
STATES NAVAL  
AIR CORPS...LONG  
MAY IT FLOP!  
HA-HA-HA!

AW, GEE!  
HE MADE  
HIS PRETTY  
UNIFORM  
ALL DIRTY!  
HA! HA!



YES? JUST TRY  
THAT GAG  
WHEN I'M  
LOOKING!



THE AIR CORPS  
STILL FLIES WITH  
ITS FISTS... AT  
RATS LIKE YOU!



SPIN WHIRLS....HIS TACKLER LOSES  
HIS GRIP.

PERSISTENT  
GUY, EH?   
LOOSEN  
UP!





LIKE A TYPHOON  
THE HELPLESS SPY  
PLOWS INTO HIS  
OWN MEN . . .

NUMBSKULLED HALF-WITS!  
STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS! HE'S  
HEADING FOR THE  
RADIO ROOM!



SPIN IS UNHINDERED AS  
HE REACHES THE  
WIRELESS . . .



I'LL  
CALL  
COLONEL  
GRAVES!

IN WASHINGTON COLONEL  
GRAVES IS FRANTIC . . .



HAVEN'T HEARD  
FROM SPIN . .  
OR FROM  
THE HYPO  
EITHER . .  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

SUDDENLY AN ORDERLY  
RUSHES IN . .



WIRELESS FROM SPIN  
SHAW, SIR! POSITION  
HYPO. LATITUDE 42°  
LONGITUDE 50°. MUTINY  
ON BOARD. CREW DEAD  
OR IMPRISONED. WILL  
TRY . . AND IT WUZ CUT  
OFF THERE!

IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS TO  
SPIN . . ORDERLY!  
HAVE A BATTLE-  
SHIP SENT  
AFTER THE  
HYPO!



THE ORDER IS OBEYED  
IMMEDIATELY . .



MEANWHILE IN THE RADIO  
ROOM, SPIN FACES A NEW  
ONSLAUGHT .



C'MON! WE  
BROKE IN  
THE DOOR!  
GET HIM!

BUT THE LOYAL SAILORS  
LOCKED IN THE BRIG BREAK  
LOOSE . .



LET'S  
GO,  
MEN!



AT THE SAME TIME SPIN SOCKS HIS WAY OUT OF THE RADIO ROOM.



AND LEAPS FOR THE DECK, WHERE THE LOYAL CREW IS ALREADY BATTLING THE SPIES.



AS SPIN PITCHES IN, HE IS CORNERED BY A VIOLENT ATTACK.



BUT...

TOO BAD! YOU'LL COOL OFF NOW!



THE SPY HURTLES TO THE WATER TO BE FOLLOWED BY OTHERS WHO RESIST THE CREW.



WHEW! NOW WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT BACK TO PORT.. POST HASTE!



A LOOK-OUT ON THE BRIDGE INTERRUPTS.

AMERICAN BATTLESHIP OFF STARBOARD BOW, CAP'N SHAW!

FINE! TELL SPARKS TO WIRE 'EM!



SPIN SHAW REPORTING... HYPO MUNITIONS SAFE.. ENEMY QUELLED.. EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL AWAIT YOUR ORDERS.

FINE WORK, SHAW, PROCEED TO BASE.. WE'LL ESCORT YOU!



BACK IN WASHINGTON.

WELL, SPIN, YOU FOOLED 'EM! BUT YOU HAD ME WORRIED FOR AWHILE! SEE THAT THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

RIGHT, COLONEL GRAVES!

